THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.

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A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 25, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1052.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Sappho.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

'Mid the smuggler's wildest haunt
Where the batt'ring crags around
Own the waves of ocean tossed,
Who has not oft heard hath seen
Who, unwed & of no the blest,
Her cheek'red o'er hath cast,
While she pours the tale of song
As the storm clouds o'er the sky
All her dark eye's fire is gone—
While her trembling accents wave—
To the gentle height of heaven,
At whose shrine she adores.

Read to the universe fly,
Has her hand in sweeping now
O'er the sweetly echoing lyre,
Whence with full and fruitless flow,
Rushing wildly, deeply forth
Hid the heedings of the south.
Mid the waves tumultuous roar
Breaking on the rugged shore,
Music's soul is pealing free,
In such notes we'll might chain
All the storm fiend's masterelty —
Shall they flow? what is vain!

Does she wrestle a spell on twine
Of the temples of a king?
Or the heaven received shrine
Gazde her hand across the string —
Its her supple nimbleness swell,
From the rude rock's pinnacle,
With a deeply wailing tone,
O'er lower soft it might chain
Mischief for the virtue's sword,
Otherwise hold a battle's sway,
Sing's full tide by her in you'd,
Joyous triumph return

Not to regal control,
May not, nobly be pursued—
Or as here's surely fate,
May be struck as light a chord—
Let us scatter'd fillings, the
Mid bright terrestic, in battle torn
From the rude rock's pinnacle,
Of the prostrate vanquished foe,
Mix the deep melodious swell

From her nectarine wire gush forth.
While a breath crossed o'fell
Music's soul had ceased to birth.

But the tuned ear far away,
All the deeper, with her counters,
All the pulses of her lay,
Hark the widowed from its chambers;
Unconfined, in the sad tone
From the storm wreath'd mountain's brow,
From the hollow grot—the dell
Echo's thousand voices swell,
Fashion'd from her very lays
Of no such fell, and weave, and place,—
Let us now hear Sappho's close!
Can such love as her's be vain?

Philada. 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Ode on Mr. Forrest's Statue.

At the Laurel Hill Cemetery there is an eidaur's tomb,
And there a father beautifully sculptured, and
the womb

"NOT OFFAL, BUT ASHES."

The morn was bright, the sky serene'
The verdant hills and living green,
Spread on the mountain's side,
Which glistened in the morning light,
As songs of valor here were sung
A requiem o'er the quiet tomb.

In strewing 'round their hallowed ground
Those blooming flowers under death are found
Where old and young, in silence lay,
The dearest of the day,
How dear the thought that mounts to heaven
Of those who sleep in death!

Mute instruments and tombs, and sconces,
Majestic trees and blooming flowers
Here o'er the dead are strewing bows,
An infant's tomb I now from the green,
A nursery there, a cradle of heaven,
The body's home—the soul but trees.

An infant's tomb? a poet's white tomb?
Emotions of sorrow—I feel them all!
At last in natural fields displayed
What deed of the tomb have surveyed
While at the earliest spot is graven,
"Here sleeps the ashes of Robert E Forrest."

That angel spirit from above
Descended on a week of love
Ah! he dreamed there and died,
His sunny smile no more return
And the fair flowers o'ermith is green,
"I've wasted to think his soul has gone. W. E. H.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

The Last of Mont-Mayeur.

A Tale of Piedmont.

CHAPTER I.

NOVARE, the most haughty of the independent cities of Lombardy, is situated between the Po and Celado, an instant quarted under the powerful influence of Della-Torre, awoke from the darkness of ignorance, secret and violated crimes. In the second time, Novare was called on to shake from the remnant of its ancient fetters, and to be free. But the hatchet of Visconti, always uplifted, awaited only the favorable hour to appease itself upon, and abolishing, the hydra of internal dissension Orbon Visconti, descendant of the house of Milan, threw a cautious eye over the rest of the province. Friend Visconti had caused its gates to be won, and, after a few days of resistance Novare acquiesced in the number of citizens which, reduced by his gold or subdued by his arms, came to Ezzelon, one after another, the imperial archbishop of Lombardy.

It was an evening shortly after the installation of the usurper, when all Novare remained silent throughout the city. On the morrow was to take place, before the assembled people, the sanction of the principal rebels, who, until the last, had defended with extraordinary valor *le Fortezza* inconsolable, thus called from the circumstance that, at the time of the struggle of *Novare* by the emperor Henry V, a stone tower still standing assisted a long of mouldering ruins. Time, more potent than the Germans, destroyed what they then opposed. There remains, at the gates of Novare, no trace of the ancient fortress.

Nevertheless, the people of Novare, accustomed when sentence had been passed in compliance with the most rigorous law, were not to submit. They were to be beheaded. Many cries of consternation were heard around the palace of Visconti, implering pardon for them; but the archbishop of Milan remained inflexible, and, in the name of the months of the holdest, and, to all, prudence dictated silence.

However, toward nine o'clock, a woman of the humbler class of Novare, moved without doubt by extraordinary interest, left her dwelling, and by the glimmering of the moon's rays, directed her steps rapidly towards the state palace. At the sound of falling the two knockers of the prison gate, the courage almost failed her. At the sight of such a cause of grande, unlimited by living beings, horrid, as it were, in the most exaggerated death, she struck her that the gates of this bomb might be about to have the same effect on her, and to suffer the bitterness of my remembrances, the God of vengeance could see in me, the love of whom he occupied my mind to leave no room for hatred. Alas! I have, indeed, had to ask pardon for all the happiness then had brought me, I have told thee a falsehood, which has rendered me twenty years! Matteo, then hast no father! the name that bastard is not thy own! Pardon me, my son, for having deceived thee so long. But see! there is something more terrible to a mother than death—it is the contempt of her child; and it is what I fear, Matteo!"

"Oh, mother, that word in thy mouth is a sacrilege—If you are guilty, it is not hastening the heart of you child! Ah, you, mother, you have reason, not, I thank you for having deceived me: for you have not deprived me of the right most dear—that of consoling you. The devoted son will become the faithful friend; you did not will it thus. Say you that I have no mother! Behold, the sword I hold in my hand, is already a talisman more powerful than lightning and birth. Believe me, mother, the thoughts of the past should only strengthen your confidence in the duties of him, who, while he despises your destiny, pities, and in paying, dearly loves you."

The confession of each concluded, the mother and son now knew each other a final adieu, and their tears mingled in a long and tender embrace. Sterne, agitated by such deep emotion, succeed away. The mother, following, she found herself at her lodging, having been carried there, apparently exhausted beyond her strength; and a moment she thought of having had a horrible dream; but the letter of Matteo still in her possession, was a sad witness of the reality of that dreadful vision. The last wish of her son she flashed upon her mind, and she prepared to accomplish it. In vain she tried every means of reaching Angelo. Finding it impossible, she proceeded to the prince and asked the privilege of being introduced to the noblemen, who had already been interceded for her. Her wish being granted, her noble friend engaged upon his honor to remit the letter, the same day, to Angelo Ferrari.

CHAPTER II.

The first glimmerings of day soon blanched the horizon, and the sun rose in all its splendor to illumine upon a joyous festival. But this cheerful spectacle was not for Novare. Many were the groups in which the city seemed plunged. Toward noon the people began to assemble in the square. Soon a retreat, some from curiosity, others to unite with look of pity the unfortunate victims condemned to die; for already the scaffold was erected in front of the palace of Visconti.

At the ringing of the bells, the prison doors were opened, and the six unfortunate inmates were conveyed in carts to the place of execution. They were enveloped in an ample robe of black serge, which concealed their faces, and were accompanied by a priest, who, in low voice, uttered prayers for the dying.

At the same time, Visconti, SEIZING to assert in person at this last and bloody exercise of his power, surrounded by his courtiers, directed his steps towards the seats prepared upon the balcony. He was observed a man of fifty-five or sixty years of age, of a manly figure and stern countenance, and he bore in the midst of his pride the independent noblemen of the fourteenth century. It was then a custom for the judges of the last class, not of one of the most ancient families of the city, present at the proceedings, and to hear, during every execution, and of an ambition little scrupulous. Struck with the sad grandeur of the scene, Visconti, for the one of the first to offer him the support of some thousands of lancers and of his faithful.

James was already the aid-de-camp of Visconti; but he doubtless carried his views higher, and was not voluntarily serving. Always prudent and calculating, he had undertaken nothing of which he was not voluntarily, because more and more visible would result. Trying a balance between the two causes was without cause. The idea that the race of Mont-Mayeur should be for a moment considered his disposition harsh and unpreventable, and he had already found in the absence of blessings so ardently desired; and he had already found in the absence of blessings so ardently desired; and he had already found in the absence of blessings so ardently desired;

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 25, 1841.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavour on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged by a call, especially among the country subscribers, and we wish to start, unencumbered by bad debts, next. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a fair start together and see who shall first rise in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ N. C. Brooks, Esq. P. M. is an authorized agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, at Staunton, Va.

A New Novel.

The two original stories—one from Professor Ingraham, and the other from Mrs. Lambert, the American Mrs. Mitford—which we gave last week, have attracted general attention. We follow them up, this week, by a historical tale, the incidents of which are yet tradituonary in Piedmont. These stories are purchased at a considerable outlay; but we hope by this to give to our patronize an *in our effort to bring out American writers*, so long will we weekly prove that there is no lack of talent here, whatever be the reason, in a few cases, begin the publication of an Original Novel, besides the usual variables of original tales, romances, sketches, essays, and miscellanies. "Go ahead" is our motto.

The Post Boston.

Congress adjourned on Monday night, and the extra session is therefore numbered with "the things that were." The Whigs have got what they wanted, and posterity will approve or disapprove its course we leave to be settled by those against whom we have been left in a general battle. The Democrats will not prevent the approach of rain in the loss of every bill, or the removal of every postmaster.

On motion, Saturday last, the principal measure which had been passed at the extra session. The Rail Bills and Bankrupt Act we have already commented on our readers. In another column we give a complete of the acts passed during the past session. The Revenue Bill, and the Bankrupt Act, are the most important of these. We have not seen them, and other like articles are now subject to a duty; in consequence such fabrics of almost daily use have advanced nearly twenty per cent in price. It will be seen also that the impost on tea and coffee which was first contemplated has been relinquished. We think that these articles will still come into the country on their old footing. That is as it should be. Nobody *left in a general* that the duty on tea and coffee can be got at to supply the revenue, and although under the old tariff tea and coffee were so high in price as to be a luxury, that day has long gone by, and these articles, once comparatively scarce, are now by habitual use become necessaries, bringing comfort into the poorest cabin as well as into the richest mansion. We have enjoyed a duty on tea and coffee, therefore, would have been to destroy a large portion of the luxury of that one, or else to have rendered their consumption smuggled. Such a measure ought only to be resorted to in the last extremity. We highly commend the liberality of spirit which induced the administration to strike out this feature of their bill. Men too often when they have once recommended a measure are slow to let the same paternity of feeling.

The breaking up of the Cabinet has, as yet, been attended by no very violent measures. Messrs. Bell and Badger, have each put forth a letter, but as their documents are not yet before the country, we, of course, have not given them space. The new Secretaries have generally taken their seats, and the business of the Departments goes on as usual. The Postmaster General, however, the Whig sponsors display much feeling, and many of them have already begun to advocate the election of Henry Clay to office. The Whigs have held out in this city, to form a Clay Club in imitation of the old Democratic Clubs of 1840, and Mr. Gideon B. Smith, of U. S. Gazette, has been chosen President of the new association. Others of the same party remain more quiet; but every where the Democrats are preparing to give a warm reception of the position assumed by Mr. Webster. The attitude taken by the last gentlemen indeed has created a universal excitement, especially in this State, for not resigning with the rest of the Cabinet.

Such has been the course of the present session. How indeed can the Whigs act? Where is their head? Scarcely had March come in when thousands flocking to Washington, beheld the inauguration of the new and venerable Chief Magistrate. The enthusiasm of that day had not faded, before our aged President lay on the bed of death, and *just one month* from the time when he took the oath of office he sunk down into forever. The grief of the Nation drowned all party distinctions on that day. Men had given up their hatred, and were truly lamented. Then came the inauguration of President Tyler, and the assemblage of Congress. The acts of the extra session are before us. They have had the seals of months of dissension, at least suspicion and heart burnings among the administration party; and there is every appearance that the Whigs will enter the next campaign at the next Presidential election.

A month has passed away, and re-examinations, these struggles between Clayites and Tylerites, Van Burenites and Whigs, we might despair for our country, were it not for the conviction that, however the factions may be the leaders of parties, the people are honest and reasoned, and that they will always support what is to their best interests. Let the Whigs have a majority where they are in power, our liberties are safe. Parties too often rush into extremes, and the people are sometimes led astray; but they are the community for their own aggrandizement; but at such times the honest constituency of the common mass of the people are sure to be right in measuring the doors thereof. In the present emergency it would be better for all sides, if they would agree to suspend their animosities and patiently wait the decision on which they defer to the tribunal of the people, and calmly awaiting that decision. Whether Mr. Clay, in the event of the Whigs coming into office, can be induced to accept the office, is easily decided by the constituency of our land. Each has his supporters: let the majority rule.

A Good Name Abroad.

The abominable servility of the American people in every thing foreign, and especially in the subject of monk nevertheless, and uncouth manners abroad. The Richmond Star says, that a gentleman of that city, who has been recently in Europe, and who has had the best opportunities of observation, has declared, that the fashionable world has fallen in love with the leaders of parties, the people are honest and reasoned, and that they will always support what is to their best interests. Let the Whigs have a majority where they are in power, our liberties are safe. Parties too often rush into extremes, and the people are sometimes led astray; but they are the community for their own aggrandizement; but at such times the honest constituency of the common mass of the people are sure to be right in measuring the doors thereof. In the present emergency it would be better for all sides, if they would agree to suspend their animosities and patiently wait the decision on which they defer to the tribunal of the people, and calmly awaiting that decision. Whether Mr. Clay, in the event of the Whigs coming into office, can be induced to accept the office, is easily decided by the constituency of our land. Each has his supporters: let the majority rule.

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Case of Mary Rogers.

We have published before, in this case on account of our unwillingness to give publicity to vague and groundless suspicions. But the motive for silence is now at an end. The public have a right to know upon the right and, and there is no doubt but that everybody the murderer will be arrested.

In our last article on this subject, we gave our opinion as to three points in this mystery—1st that the murder was committed by more than one person, 2nd that the criminals were low blackguards or rowdies, and 3rd that the outrage was perpetrated not far from the dwelling of the unfortunate girl. We have now additional facts to draw from the appearance of the body, and our last from the assertions of the New York police that Mary Rogers had not been seen by any one after she left her mother's house on that fatal day. We expressed our conviction that the murdered girl could not have been in Hoboken without being recognized. It now appears that we were right. About three o'clock, on the fatal day, Miss Rogers was seen by two persons near the ferry-boat at Hoboken, and take the road to Weehawken in company with a dark-complexioned young man. Our opinion as to the time of the murder was materially altered on learning this important fact. But our conviction as to the character and character of the murderers, depending on data which the police could not distort, is borne out by the truth in since developed. We only wonder that the efforts of the police, knowing since that Miss Rogers was seen to land at Hoboken and not out for Weehawken did not, long before this, arrive at the truth.

It appears that a tavern is kept by a Mrs. Loss at the end of Weehawken Hill, and not far from the Elysian. On the Sunday in question, Miss Rogers, accompanied by a dark-complexioned young man, came to the house of Mrs. Loss, where they remained for some time. The latter party then ascended the hill. Mrs. Loss recognises her visitor by the dress, for when Miss Rogers left the house, the landlady observed that she had on a very pretty young lady, and has got a dress on exactly like your aunt had, when she last came here before she died."

Shortly after, a dark, thoughtful and mancuvain person arrived at Weehawken with a party of friends, all armed with sticks, and running up to a shanty not far from Mrs. Loss, seized the rakes and rolled for the murderers, who, however, escaped. Search will be made, posterity will approve or disapprove its course we leave to be settled by those against whom we have been left in a general battle. The Democrats will not prevent the approach of rain in the loss of every bill, or the removal of every postmaster.

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The Revolutionary Exhibition.

We believe that the exhibition of Trumbull's gallery is the oldest one in the country, for the Trumbull early evinced their taste for ancient culture and established a gallery of paintings in the Academy of the fine arts. The Exhibition, this year, was enriched by none of these.

On entering the saloon of the Masonic Hall, you passed beneath the ordinates heavily decayed with flowers. On the right hand, as you entered, was a table, on which was perched two charming wooden dolls, intended to represent, we believe, Justice and Time, but looking more like two country girls, who had been sent to the city to purchase a bonnet and had got the worst of it. Between the two dolls, which otherwise might be lured thither by the fragrance of the flowers. The whole was in bad taste.

On the left, however, was a chaste temple, which decently took the first premium. The structure, nevertheless, might have been in some parts, had it not been surmounted by a long wagon pole covered with flowers. This temple was put up by Mr. Mumpy.

The saloon contained another temple, erected by Mr. Norris, which received the second premium. The first Honorary premium was bestowed on P. Fleming, gardener to Mr. Cuming, for an ornamental vase filled with flowers. This was decidedly the most chaste design in the Exhibition.

We have not space to particularize the "wilderness of sweets" which filled the saloon, we can merely say that the exhibition was highly creditable to the young florists—fixing their hats around, and that the rarest species generally came from the collections of G. Pepper, Esq. and Mrs. Lambert. Let us hope that next time these beauties to the fruit room. Here we can do nothing but praise. Mr. Wm. Wilson, corresponding Preserving Peach, by W. M. Albanger, of Spring Garden; the lemon jelly, and fruits of various kinds, by Mrs. Lambert, of Girard Row; the Quince Jelly, by N. J. preserved fruit of numerous kinds, and most tempting, in appearance, from the Parkinsons; blush apples, Bellflower, the Seckel pears, by Mr. W. Rowe, Jr.; Seckel pears, by Mr. Shearer; orange apple, and other confectionaries, by Mrs. Bell; the Newtown pippin apples, by Mr. Bernard Duke. Grapes, in rich variety, and in large, magnificent bunches, by Nicholas Biddle, Esq. and Mr. Lambert. Pears, by James Lowry, Esq. Middleton, Jonathan Tyson, James Bolton, Isaac Davis, William Johns, and several other gentlemen. The specimens are indeed extraordinary. Seckel pears, by Mr. J. Cooper; fine quinces, by Isaac Wilkins, of Germantown; fine fruit of several kinds from the Philadelphia Alms House. Apples by Mr. Samuel J. Richie. Peppers pears and other fruit by Miss Gratz. Lady apples, by Mr. Bernard Duke. Grapes, in rich variety, and in large bunches, by Nicholas Biddle, Esq. and Mr. Lambert. Pears, by James Lowry, Esq. Middleton, Jonathan Tyson, James Bolton, Isaac Davis, William Johns, and several other gentlemen. The specimens are indeed extraordinary. Seckel pears, by Mr. J. Cooper; fine quinces, by Isaac Wilkins, of Germantown; fine fruit of several kinds from the Philadelphia Alms House. Apples by Mr. Samuel J. Richie. Peppers pears and other fruit by Miss Gratz. Lady apples, by Mr. Bernard Duke. Grapes, in rich variety, and in large, magnificent

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$1.50 paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to form clubs in towns addressed to us. The word "*form*" *is further enacted*. That nothing in this act contained shall apply to goods shipped in a vessel or vessels bound to any port of the United States actually having left her last port of lading, eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, or beyond Cape Horn, prior to the first day of August, 1841.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That all laws or parts of laws inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

Approved, September 11, 1841.

Complete List of Acts.

Passed at the 1st Session of the 27th Congress.—An act making appropriations for the present session of Congress.

An act authorizing a loan not exceeding the sum of $12,000,000.

An act for the relief of Mrs. Harrison, widow of the late President of the United States.

An act making appropriation for the pay, subsistence, &c., of a home squadron.

An act making further provision for the maintenance and support of the Capitol in the District of Columbia.

An act to revive and continue in force for ten years, and modify the several acts to incorporate the Maine Relief Society of Alexandria.

An act to amend the act entitled "An act to provide for the collection, safe-keeping, transfer, and disbursement of the public revenue," approved August 6th, 1846.

An act to revive and extend the charters of certain banks in the District of Columbia.

An act in addition to an act entitled "An act to carry into effect a convention between the United States and the Mexican Republic."

An act to amend the act entitled "An act to provide for taking the sixth enumeration or enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States," approved May 23d, 1850.

An act making appropriations for the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department, and for fulfilling treaty stipulations with various Indian tribes, for the year ending the 30th June, 1851.

An act making appropriations for the fortifications, for ordnance, and for preventing and surveying Indian hostilities.

An act to provide for placing Greenough's Statue of Washington in the Capitol.

An act authorizing the transmission of letters and packets to and from Mrs. Harrison free of postage.

An act to make appropriations for the Post Office Department.

An act making an appropriation for the purchase of naval stores and timber, timber stores, and for other purposes.

An act making appropriations for outfits and salaries of diplomatic agents, and for other purposes.

An act to provide for the expenses of the Senate bridge.

An act relating to duties and drawbacks.

An act to repeal a part of the sixth section of the act entitled "An act to provide for the support of the Military Academy of the United States for the year 1850, and for other purposes," passed July 1, 1850.

An act for the relief of Thomas Swann.

An act to provide for the payment of Navy pensions.

An act to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States.

An act further to extend the time for locating Virginia Military land warrants, and returning surveys thereon to the General Land Office.

An act to authorize the recovery of fines and forfeitures incurred under the charter, laws, and ordinances of the Georgetown branch of the peace

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

The Old Times.

BY L. E. LANDON.

Do you recall what now is being said
Amid the somewhere gathered at the feast?—
The candles, quiet and so lonely,
Where fruit and flowers had each an equal part?
Where had gathered everybody in the land
Who could to hear them to the nearest save,
Although the people were of all shades,
Which flung its rosy illuminate at one last,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times.

There was no footstool over raised for falling;
But the hero crowned's one perpetual song,
Like soothing waters, and the tinkle waves calling
Amid the fruit-tree bloomers all day long.
Oh the sunny grape-fruit stood the dial,
Where innocent were strange contrast with ours make
Ah! was it more of life's other trial,
That even then the hours were told in shade,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times!

But little rested we then of those such fancies
To which is offer like the spare yields
Our world was of the fairies and romance
With which we wandered o'er the summer fields;
That was the question of the down-bells blowing
To know if some slight wind would answer to our pace!
If showers we feared, we sought where closer growing
Some weather-dresser, which we were to screen-place,
In the old, old times,
The dear old times!

Yet my heart warms at these fond recollections,
Breaking the heavy shades on my way,
Ah! who hath cared for all the deep affections—
The love, the kindness I have shown away!
The dear old garden! There is now—missing
As little of its bloom as roses with me.
The early summer is the sad complement
Mourning that never more for as can be
The old, old times,
The dear old times.

Benjamin Franklin.

Never did we stand in greater need of the homely teachings of Benjamin Franklin—printer! economy, great in its strength, inexhaustible in its resources, presents the unlooked-for spectacle of a spent and prostrate giant. Descended as we are, from men of whom the world was not worthy—men, who found our land as it sprang from the hand of God—men, to whom the phrases Religion and Liberty, were consigned for definition, but who cradled them in the fire-off wilderness; nourished them as the pelican nourishes her young and dying, left them, in charge, to us—descended from such men—blessed with such a heritage—we have, nevertheless, put away from us the means, the memory of our fathers, and, like the prodigal, prayed the share of fortune to divide unto us our portion.—We have wasted our substance. We have rejoiced in the noonday, forgetting the approach of darkness. But yet, the wild speculations that have been our curse—the craving desire after the means of abundance—the burning passion for sudden acquisitions—the fierce contentions—the selfish struggle for all, all have ended but in the miserable poisons.

Of dropping baskets into empty wells
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But on your Bridget he did fly,
And take a grab on to his lugs.
Poor Bridget, poor Bridget,
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Foreign Magazines.

From the London Metropolitan, for September.

How to Make Gold.

BY EMMA LAWTHER.

Our London was then some few hundred years younger than it is now. When was then? Why, on a certain dull dusky evening, when a fine sprinkling of rain swelled out a diamond shine in the tin cup, and chose turned up at the toes, and with all the rest of the gentlemanly fashions of that century, turned into a certain antiquated, promptly-dressed, low-browed shop, and lady fashioning him a jewelled chain, much as if he had thought proper to be better under the pebbles!

Now it is very certain that those who think much of themselves are sure to make others think more at their own valuation; and thus it was, that whilst our gallant was now obsequiously being shown rings, and paste, and emeralds, in their finest and richest settings, and so humbly as though they were magnificent jewelry of her master, a certain humble individual, albeit a woman, who was standing in one corner of the shop, evidently valuing herself at the smallest amount possible, in a very shabby tawdry sort of estimation, was on the same rule hurried and flurried, and shuffled from one side to the other, proving beyond a doubt that the master jeweller and his apprentices thought us little of her as she did of herself.

Now it is a very curious thing, that when we are in search of a thing immediately disregard all inferior things. The diamonds were now no better than bits of glass, and the rings and the chains and pearls nothing but the signs of disease in vulgar, ice-faced, sunken fish. The golden trays but nothing but the possessor of those brilliant gems, and he began to survey her with all his eyes. Howbeit these orbs flashed no more upon him, the hand was kept, and the whole attitude was impressed with the speaking expression of a *felt dedradation*. Nothing could be more injurious to grace than this, for one must ever be a part of grace. And there was the daughter of his master ever seen a stubbier black gown or a more literate cloak! and perhaps it was the shame of the stubbiness that made her look so pale—once upon a down her head, and drew the folds of her old veil more thickly down, and cowed up her face, and was not only of one gay youth, but of Master Jeweller and his apprentices.

"Here be diamonds from Golconda, fit for the crowns of the kings of the earth, and rubies of the rarest fashion," said Master Jeweller; "what is your wanting, my lord? Speak, I pray."

"Thus and I, Master Jeweller, ought to take shame and blame to ourselves, inasmuch as I lady stands by, and have done this all the years in the world, disregarded, whilst thou and I are chaffering for jewels. Nathless, here, take the lady's pardon."

"Not so," and the maiden, shrinking more into the corner out of sight, "I am but a daughter of humble station, and have had a lesson here, Master Jeweller."

"Then art a lesson more, Master Jeweller. Then about nothing more for me till thou hast proved that the lady's will," and so saying he gallantly affected to retire to the other extremity of the shop, and pretended to examine the rings and chains, whilst all the while he was looking with all his eyes, and listening with all his ears.

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of which we are speaking, but bringing up a little sherry, served by a couple of stately retainers, with certain glances of the eye which were taken having brought up their luck to some certain distance, and having thrown down their cards upon it, by a particularly modest, lowering tone, and to the silver-contented stare, which was in no particular hurry to commence, or fully touch to dessert, and luck his way with the points of the cards on the table, the gentleman addressed his adversary.

"Wait my return," said the youth, very much in the style of a gentleman who is going for a walk in particular one sometimes—"wait here till I return."

"And a pretty wait we are likely to have of it!" answered the other, and the two gentlemen, however, most particular care that the gentleman remained in the room, and then, with a nod, began to case fishing for stare with his hook and line, and we shall have plenty of time to catch plenty of cods before the return of the youth.

"Yes; and without any book or line, by which I mean to say some thousands of pounds," said the sugar-candy, we shall just catch as many stare as we please, and more than we like in the end, with the help of his clerkship and books," and as he spoke he looked at the books with the height of detestation of the stars, mirrored in their silent beauty on the face of the waters.

"And why?" said the younger one. "He is handsome, clever, rich, and even run after him, for the matter of that."

"Why?" replied his comrade, "with the feather in his cap, and his embroidered cloak—we mean have a chance, for he will not have their wear jewels—but Master Spencer will find him—and his apprentices—and his books—and his student's cap. See you not that he has laid aside the gay feather, and the embroidered cloak, the outward nun so some thrifty housewife's seventh cut? Pah! that I never the way to make money look after him! If he had asked me, I could have told him a better tale than that."

"Then you have been there of his asking either then or not?" said the other ironically.

"He has a sufficient number of fools to do his own way, without asking other people at all about it," responded the other, "and I am one of them."

"I promised them that if my labor in the angelical science of transmutation of metals, and the turning the brink of success—that I would pay them that which I could not, and neither did I, nor could I, but—the old man's voice trembled, and he broke off.

"Then you have been cheated?" said the youth.

"Otherwise, I said that I would beg of my Margaret to receive their sore graciously. But I knew that I could not be called upon to do so, inasmuch as I felt that my time was not yet come, and therefore, the transmutation was on the brink of success, and that I should have the honor to call those names which then laded lent for the present, and which I should have returned with the interest and honorable thanks."

"And you have been speculating of your experiments, Master Aylmer, that the money was lent?" said the youth.

"To a certainty," replied Aylmer.

"And then it was that you went with an endeavor to parley upon Master Aylmer's sense for the purpose of delaying him of his Margaret!—then you had the face to—" but the young gentleman's wrath was interrupted.

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"Nay, nay, better pay me that then sweet, Master Aylmer—I love not to be bullied—or else my wrath will be kindled, and then, where be the gentle words and the sweet looks. As for this fellow, but him begone! What have I to do with our conduct."

"Would I could pay thee!" ejaculated the old man.

"Good Master Ledger, how stands your account! Let me hear at what price in haggardly lucre you have set the wrinkles of my father's sadness and sorrow."

"What is that to thee, prate-sauce!"

"Master Seaston seems to forget," interposed Margaret, "though I am sure he cannot but be aware that I am not to be chaffered for like one of her bales of silk."

"Tush! never fear but I will be hard to thee, my love, and will not let them have thee for a song," said the youth, and he looked at them with an endearing look, and turned away with a curled lip, and a sneer upon his face, as if he had said all his opinion—he possibly ate too much, or he drank too much—he was too much in love—or else he did not think enough, nor *feel* enough; and he might not be easily enough led to others, but he was himself his opinion was evidently that of a maiden who was sitting in the corner of the room, as far away from the fashionable visitors as she could get, and absolutely allowed, pretending neither to see how he looked, nor hear how he spoke.

The entrance of Master Spencer produced various effects upon the present persons—to that which is dusky, ill-furnished room. The countenance of the old man brightened with delight, as if with the coming visitor darkened, whilst the face of the youth flushed with anger, and then turned pale alternately from the semblance of red light to that of the strong paper.

Aylmer's student bowed to the student's cap, and saluted the old man courteously.

"Good even, Master Aylmer," said Master Spencer, glancing at Margaret—"and will she not feel the injury of so coarse a handling?"

"It is thine own thought that is the injury, pattern-cutter," said the youth, in a low, but not a muddy tone. Yea, I would even her woman's love! But how! You, Guy Margaret, shall be judge between us. Is it not a shame that I should be made mistaken, and standing her with eyes that needed no spectacles, to explain their meaning, and in a honeyed tone—Maiden, may not love be bought? Is not the world's gold the world's love? Is there for every thought, of every hope, of every feeling that is not something to purchase? And that you might utter, every glance that you might speak? Say not, but before that shall have slept and eaten some half-a-dozen times more.

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"Master Aylmer," said Spencer to the old man, "I have heard that the learned Ledger gives out their land benign influence on the wound that might after thee. Then knowest that the wave-mea of old have been in the habit of feeding their own bosoms in exactness when that glorious aspect was in the zenith, and I have been informed by the ancients happy that the snake- have fallen from the sky, and enabled to see that their operations can be achieved at that propitious moment."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the youth, and the dingle-cadets him!"

"We must needs pity him," continued Spencer. "Thus if ever is with the lunatics and the nonsensical—they cannot see the pure and holy expanses which are in the heavens above us, and the earth beneath—blind—and we must needs pity them. Thus if ever is with the lunatics and the nonsensical—they cannot see the pure and holy expanses which are in the heavens above us, and the earth beneath—blind—and we must needs pity them.

"I subscribe to it," said the old man, "if so be that I may be permitted to speak."

"I subscribe to it also, but on conditions," said Spencer, "that you will not speak at all, for I see by my all upon one card, without a hope of gaining by it."

"I agree with you," said Seaston, sternly.

"But what is gold to me?" said Spencer, and then turning to the old man, "Thou knowest that my Margaret is the fairest, and I am to submit to thee, and I am to submit to thee, and I am to submit to thee